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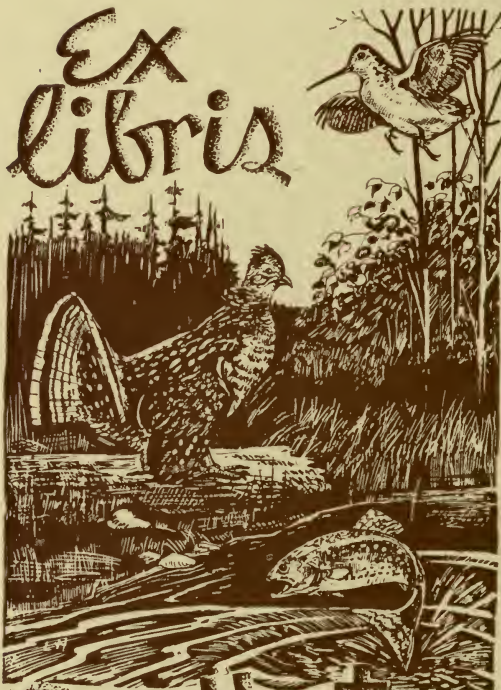
THREE RUNS
IN THE
ADIRONDACKS

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Frontispiece

Smith Lake, Adirondacks.

THREE RUNS
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
AND
ONE IN CANADA

BY
J. H. HUNT, M.D.



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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PREFACE.

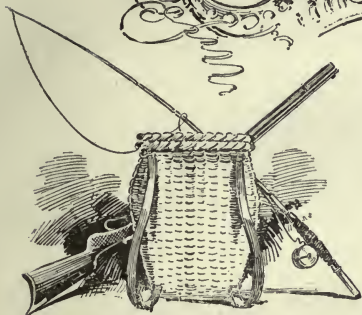
AS a health measure it is desirable, indeed, almost essential, that those who are actively engaged in business should set aside a portion of each year for rest and recuperation. Occasional periods of absolute freedom from the cares of business, the responsibilities of professional life, or the grind of whatever vocation one may have, surely not only conduces to health, but it prepares one for greater exertion and more assiduous labor when the vacation is over. More than this, the mere looking forward to the enjoyment of a yearly summer outing stimulates one to endeavor during the year and the doing of better work. In saying this I do not refer to men alone, but to women, who are as much or even more entitled to these periods of rest and cessation from labor ; and a playtime is just as necessary for their preservation as it is for men's.

The object of these sketches is not only to advocate a yearly vacation for both sexes. It is also to advise that the outing should not be spent at Newport, Long Branch, Asbury Park, or other seaside resorts, but in the mountains, at some point as far removed from civilization as the tourist can reach.

For people of this vicinity the woods of Canada, Maine, or the Adirondacks offer suitable locations. The attractions of the splendid hotels always to be found at the outskirts of these places should be resisted, and only the interior of remote parts of the woods selected. Here you will find nature as God made it. You will find the primeval forest with all its fascinations. The air is laden with purity and freshness ; the trout and deer are unsuspecting. The petty annoyance of hard couches at night may be removed by providing an air-mattress and pillow. The occasional molestation of mosquitoes, deer flies, and punkies may be overcome by the smudge ; the latter, it is true, produces on the female complexion a delightful sooty appearance, but this wears off in time, leaving an enviable, healthful appearance obtainable in no other way. On returning, the little hardships of such an outing are laughed over together with one's friends, or

soon forgotten, but the novelty will never be forgotten ; the healthful glow and robust constitution obtained will last until the next vacation, at which time the trip will be undertaken again. Such an outing is the best of all tonics, whether for the weary body or the anxious mind.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS. 1884



WE were prompt in arriving at the pier of the Albany boat in New York, on July 14, 1884. Our party was bound for a

month's camping at Smith's Lake, in the heart of the Adirondacks; but were we on a boat-landing, or in a well-stocked grocery establishment? Barrels and boxes of provisions, pack-baskets, rifles and rods piled up in vast heaps, and all the clutter of camp-life were here; and our little company, full of enthusiasm, with the prospect of escaping for a brief time the cares of business, made an envious picture for the ordinary tourist. It was evident "to the universe," as the French say, that the party was let loose for a good time.

The sail up the Hudson, the Rhine of America, was most enjoyable; when the call for "all lights out" came, our berths were claimed, and soon more than one member of our party was dreaming

not very well-outlined dreams of camp-life; for none of us had as yet ever enjoyed the experience.

Arriving at Albany, and later by rail at Saratoga, we boarded one of the trains of the Adirondack Railway for North Creek. A long, tedious ride found us finally at the terminus of our railway journey. Here it was gratifying to find that the arrangements previously made for buckboards to convey us from North Creek to Blue Mountain Creek had not failed. After loading bag and baggage, the sharp crack of the driver's whip started us off for Eldridge, five miles distant, where we were to take supper and spend the night. Good appetites and a sound sleep prepared us for a twenty-five mile drive, on the following morning, through the wilderness. Nature arrayed in the bright foliage of midsummer, the air redolent with pine odors, the sun beaming warmly, good roads, a party in perfect sympathy with one another; these things would make any expedition one of pleasure and satisfaction.

At Blue Mountain Lake, at the hospitable board of Landlord Merwin, we for the first time made the acquaintance of a new article of diet named "mountain sheep" (venison).



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Blue Mountain Lake, from Merwin's.

Blue Mountain Lake is a large sheet of water picturesquely dotted with islands and surrounded by a forest. Blue Mountain rises from the shore, rearing its lofty head 1,962 feet above the level of the lake, and nearly 3,762 feet above tide level. A fashionable hotel is located on the west shore, and here we met friends, one of whom had caught a lake trout weighing twenty-two pounds. But even such fair promises of fishing could not deter us from continuing our journey. Taking the little steamer, we enjoyed the sail through Blue Mountain, Eagle and Utowana lakes, and then up the exceedingly tortuous Marion River. Here an exchange of steamers being made, we finally entered the beautiful Raquette Lake. Landing at its inlet at the upper end, we were met at the wharf by our guides with their boats. We crossed a good carry of one-quarter of a mile, and dined at Fletcher's, an hotel situated at the head of Forked Lake, after which we loaded our boats with what the guides are pleased to call our "duffle." The last stage of our long and varied journey was made under their direction, and in their light but capacious boats. We were certainly very fortunate in securing the services of three such good guides. John Plumbley was a

stoutly-built man past middle age, with a full beard, and of a rather quiet disposition. He had been already immortalized through the writings of "Adirondack Murray," and came to act as our *chef*. Lorenzo Towns, tall and spare, was energy personified, a better hunter than fisherman; Cal Towns, a beardless young fellow, though unacquainted with the locality we were to visit, yet always showed himself willing and efficient. He was the son-in-law of the old Indian guide, Mitchel Sebattis. Our first experience in sleeping in the woods at night was on a high bluff on the west shore of Bottle Pond. The building of our lean-to was engaged in by both novice and guide. Two saplings were cut ten feet in length, forked at one end and driven into the ground. Two long sticks were then placed in position, one end laid on the ground, and the other resting in the crotch of the upright poles. The roof was made of transverse pieces of saplings, covered with bark and finally with canvas. Last, the floor was completed with balsam boughs, and a large fire built before our temporary camp made the tempestuous night as comfortable as possible.

Early in the evening John Plumbley had descried a deer at the outlet, but on our reaching the spot



Charley Pond, Adirondacks.

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it vanished, and nothing was seen or heard save a screeching loon. Starting early the next morning we continued our journey, passing over Dead Man's Carry, and going into camp at Rock Pond for the second night. Continuing our journey, we followed a romantic feeder to Little Tupper Lake. Crossing over the head of this water, and arriving at the west shore of Charley Pond, we halted for a dinner. We dined off "chicken ragout," a compound of stewed canned chicken and potatoes, remembered evermore as a dish of the gods. A carry of two miles only remained between Charley Pond and Smith's Lake, our destination. H. and Lorenzo decided to remain at the pond for afternoon hunting and fishing, and if unsuccessful in hunting during the early evening, to hunt at night by means of a jack. The rest proceeded to Smith Lake to select a camping-place and erect our habitation.

Immediately after the departure of my friends, a visit was made to a spring-hole, where the punkies were much more numerous than the trout. Trout were secured for *our* needs, but before we could catch enough for the whole party, we were obliged to abandon the field because of the exasperating bites of flies. A horde of invisible but

persistent insects appeared to be stationed at the spring hole for the express purpose of guarding the fish from intruders. Darkness coming on, we cooked some of our trout on a spit over our camp fire, and added excellent coffee to the repast. Selecting a camping-place on the south bank of the pond, we collected firewood, and waited until ten o'clock for starting out jack-shooting.

The sky was cloudy, with occasional falls of light rain. An owl near by screeched hideously, and was answered in like manner by more or less distant acquaintances. The boat being finally lowered into the water, we assumed a cramped position in the bow, provided with a lantern which could be adjusted to the head, and with rifle within easy reach. The guide in the stern began to paddle. Every plunge of a frightened musk-rat, every unusual mysterious sound, was construed by the "fresh" hunter as an indication of the presence of a deer; but the guide, unmindful of his hark! or similar ejaculations, continued his noiseless way.

Suddenly the boat was felt to change its direction, a command was given to "get ready," and soon the form of a deer loomed out of the darkness. A quick shot! The boat came alongside of a

wounded deer. It was taken to shore and speedily dressed. Then did we repair to our tent, which consisted of a boat turned partially over to afford protection to the head. A rubber blanket spread on the ground before a rousing camp-fire formed our bed ; and here, undisturbed by pride in our prowess, we slept until morning. Although it rained throughout the night, we were so well protected by massive pines and hemlocks that nothing untoward developed as the result of our exposure. But I learned one thing during this my first experience with an Adirondack guide, which I will hand on for the benefit of others : namely, not to allow him to drink whiskey from a bottle !

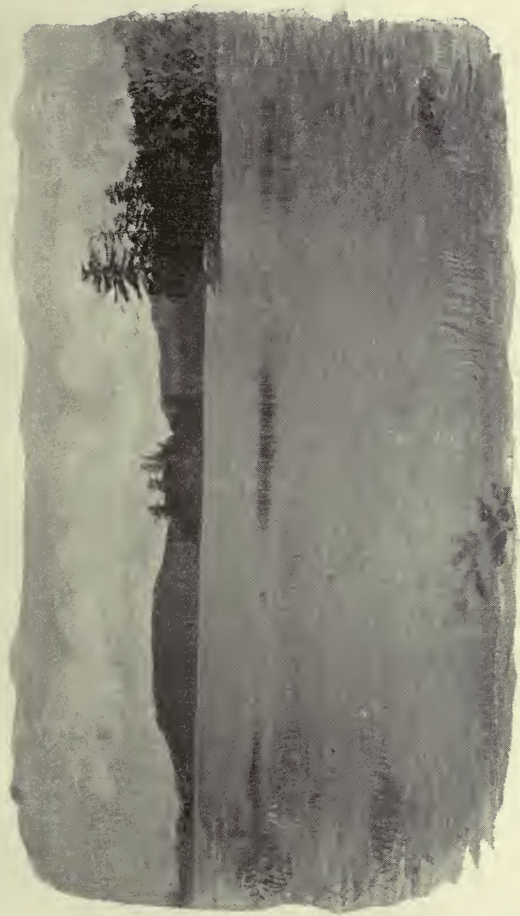
Crossing a long two-mile carry next morning, loaded as we were with pack-baskets, a boat, and a good-sized deer, we were glad to stop at a cool spring at the middle of the carry. This spring is indicated by a pole extending across the path from one tree to another, six or eight feet from the ground, which also serves the purpose of a rest for the boat. We finally saw the glimmer of Smith's Lake through the trees, and were soon after on the sandy beach, with the delightful vision of a stretch of eight miles of water, the only sign of habitation

being a tiny speck in the distance—the ranch of the huntsman Edwards.

A cold rivulet emptying into the lake was visited, and after refreshing ourselves, we set out in our boat to find the camp our friends had established. We found it located on a delightful point, almost an island, on the north bank of the lake. The white tents, well-shaded by pines, made a peculiarly attractive scene.

Our hearty welcome was due, at least partially, to our good fortune in securing enough to drive away the wolf from the door. We found him howling lustily! Plumbley had improvised a kitchen and preparations were making for dinner. Quickly the delicious odor of tenderloin steak pervaded the air, also of biscuits arranged in a peculiarly-contrived tin, and actually roasted before the fire. Shortly there was rejoicing in that camp, and if any grace was said it must have been, “Thank God that we are alive!”

A fire, provided with logs of such huge dimensions that it would seem the consuming element could never consume them, was built in front of the camp. After supper Plumbey proposed to the successful hunter a row and a cast at a favorite



Smith Lake, from Charley Pond Carry.

Copyright by S. R. Stoddard

spring-hole. In approaching the end of Smith Lake Carry the unlooked-for apparition of a sportsman with his guide arose. They had just emerged from the depths of the woods, and were not less surprised than we to see signs of higher animal life. On approaching more closely, we recognized in the sportsman an old classmate. This was pleasant, but old associations could not hold us long in the presence of these delightful new experiences; a fly was dropped in the water, and immediately taken possession of by an enormous trout. After a long struggle, and with the aid of excited advice from our friend on shore, the fish was finally captured, but alas! at the price of the tip of our pole. Fickle success departed, and after extending a formal invitation to our friend for a future dinner, we departed also.

Our first night in camp was not all that could be desired from a sleeping point of view. The early evening had passed delightfully around the mighty camp fire, reciting our adventures, telling stories, and enjoying the aroma of Newark tobacco. The charm was not, however, without compensation in the onslaught of the desperate punky, and finally it was agreed that we "turn in." Soon we formed a "lovely even row," enjoying the soft glow of the

camp fire, and resting luxuriously upon our beds of boughs. Presently a misguided member of the party made reference to Whitman as the greatest poet this country had yet produced, and to strengthen his assertion he recited a so-called stanza, three quarters prose and the rest—verse? Another immediately set up Longfellow in opposition, and quoted a mellifluous poem of considerable length, to prove himself correct. A third, who evidently had more of the spirit of argument than of sleep about him, advocated fiercely the rights of Whittier, and declaimed pages and pages in defence of his position. Then did the three hunters who had no poetical bias whatever arise in a body, and seek a haven about the genial fire, lighting their strongest Havanas. They politely alleged a trivial excuse for deserting the comfortable boughs ; but thereafter it was observed that poets were ignored when bedtime came.

As day followed day, camp matters arranged themselves so that each individual camper might enjoy whatever best suited his tastes or inclination. If one wished to go into the depths of the forest to study primeval nature he could do so ; if he was wise enough to take a guide along his knowledge

of woodcraft would be materially advanced. Another would perhaps choose to spend a solitary day at Single Shanty stream, where a good capture of trout always rewarded his efforts, and he was well-pleased when those not piscatorially inclined enjoyed at meal-time the fruits of his toil. Still another might frequent Bog Lake, where deer were plenty.

One day it was arranged that H. and his guide should visit this spot for an afternoon of hunting. Deer were known to frequent the margin of these remote lakes in early morning, in the afternoon, and during the night. In fact they often appeared at our own lake, and it was amusing to observe the actions of our guides when they went down to the water's edge to wash. They always first made a careful survey of the lake, their eyes following its margin as far as vision could reach. When perfectly satisfied of the absence of animal life, face and hands might be attended to—but not before!

Starting after dinner for Bog Lake, we passed through the inlet, arrived at Harrington Pond, made the long carry to Clear Pond, in the centre of which pretty sheet of water we rested with motionless oars. Presently we were startled by

volumes of sound, resembling the sharp fire of infantry. The guide explained that a large tree had fallen. Waiting awhile we crossed another carry to Bog Lake. Arriving there, two deer were seen feeding at the water's edge. The boat was cautiously placed in the water, and we began paddling toward them. One, taking the alarm, disappeared in the woods; the other, fleeing in a different direction, was followed by an ineffectual shot. This was exasperating, but hunters must be patient. Going to an old deserted bark camp, and gathering firewood for the night, we returned to Clear Pond, still hoping for an afternoon shot at that place. Returning disappointed to Bog Lake, we were gratified at seeing three deer, a large buck and two does. Advancing upon them as before, one of the does disappeared, but we were enabled to obtain five shots at the remaining doe, after which she walked off in the brush out of view. At this juncture, the buck appeared on the grassy bank, with legs apart, and looking at us with amazement. Two shots were hastily fired, the last one "downing" him. We secured and dressed our prize, and in the morning returned triumphantly to Smith Lake, carrying with us a venison breakfast.

But all things bright—vacations included—must come to an end. We decided not to spend the close of our vacation in camp; the last night of a fortnight's pleasure should be passed at "Edwards'."

On the last morning we started homeward, retracing our steps over the Charley Pond Carry, crossing the pond, and entering the long Little Tupper Inlet, and stopping at Pliny Robbins' for dinner. Proceeding on our way across numerous carries of various lengths, sailing over innumerable little lakes and ponds, we at last emerged from the gloomy woods, and viewed from a height the home of our guides, Long Lake. The lake was ablaze with the afternoon sun. A slight breeze stirred its surface, the waves scintillated with alternate hues of gold and silver. Mount Marcy rose pale in the distance, while the nearer peaks were warm and strong-colored in the sunshine. Anxious as we were to reach the hospitable Kellogg House at Long Lake, and to procure rest and refreshment from our long journey, we yet lingered, enjoying the fascinating scene at our feet. The next night brought us up again at Merwin's. In the evening, having donned the garments of civilization, we

visited the Blue Mountain House, meeting friends there, with whom an arrangement was made to ascend Blue Mountain on the following day.

We could not help contemplating our visit to the woods with satisfaction. We were returning with renewed health and vigor, with hardened muscles, faces browned, and with keen appetites,—oh, ye gods, what appetites! The memory of our hardships, of pathless ways pursued through well-nigh impenetrable forests, was now almost as sweet as the delight of at last seeing through the trees the silvery gleam of a lake. Even the passage of the carries, crawling heavily laden over slippery roots or obstructing logs, was enjoyed because of the refuge from the heat of a mid-day sun, the absence of tormenting flies, and the cool and delicious water to be found at springs by the wayside. Our catches, too, of fish and flesh were not the least source of pleasure to us, in reviewing our first run in the Adirondacks.



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Maryland Camp, Albany Lake, Adirondacks.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS. 1886.



THE meeting-place was at the Lake Shore Railway Station in Newburg, and we were bound for an outing at "Maryland Camp" on Albany Lake. A jolly lot were we, all bent on rest,

recuperation, and fun. We counted one absentee, who, we felt sure, would join us later. The sound ones of the party had in charge an invalid, for whom the initial D. may stand. Perhaps the most robust hunter among us was a member of the legal profession. His slap on the back would send a thrill of joy throughout the spinal cord; his gentle squeeze of the hand recalled every attack of rheumatism with which one might have been afflicted; his hearty vocal salutation would almost break the tympanum membrane of the average man. The redoubtable and

genial lawyer was possessed of a fishing-rod which served the double purpose of a cane and also a most exquisitely poised fly-rod. For the rest, there was a Standard Oil man who occasionally poured petroleum on troubled waters ; an insurance superintendent who would not take a risk on any of our lives ; a doctor, ready at all times, from the very nature of his self-sacrificing profession, to risk his life by fishing from fragile boats, or incurring the dangers of jack-shooting, for the mere purpose of securing fish and game for the others.

At Lowville, where the night was spent, one fellow sat up writing long after the others had retired, and upon him was the practical joke perpetrated of putting a trunk in his bed, and covering it with many layers of blankets. When at last the tardy sportsman sought his couch, he naturally assumed that the invalid had had "another chill," and expressing sympathy, secured another room. These annals would not be complete were it not set down that his companions, who were in hiding, experienced as much amusement as if they had been school-boys instead of "grave and reverend seigniors."

Buckboards were procured in the morning, and the long drive to Dunbar's began. First the road was sandy for some distance ; then it promised better

behavior, but afterwards developed into one of the most execrable roads in the Adirondacks. Before we reached Dunbar's, the gloom of the night, added to the shade of massive trees, made it impossible for us to discern our way. Our special photographer produced a diminutive lantern emitting a tiny ray of red light, and by this we were enabled to keep the road. With a single exception, I should say. Once we diverged slightly from the trail, and coming to a standstill found one of the horses perched on a tall stump. The poor animal groaned as if suffering with pain. We managed to extricate him from this predicament, and made our way still more cautiously. Dunbar's Hotel, or, more properly speaking, "Hunter's Ranch," is situated on Beaver River. In the morning we found our guides with their boats in the river, ready to convey us up stream. The river is of considerable size and full of trout, some of which were readily caught, merely by allowing our flies to trail behind the boats. At a certain point on the stream we found the trail leading to the Red Horse Chain of lakes. Here we decided to separate, some of the party going to visit the lakes, the others to proceed to Albany Lake. A short carry brought us to the first of the beautiful group known as the Red Horse Chain.

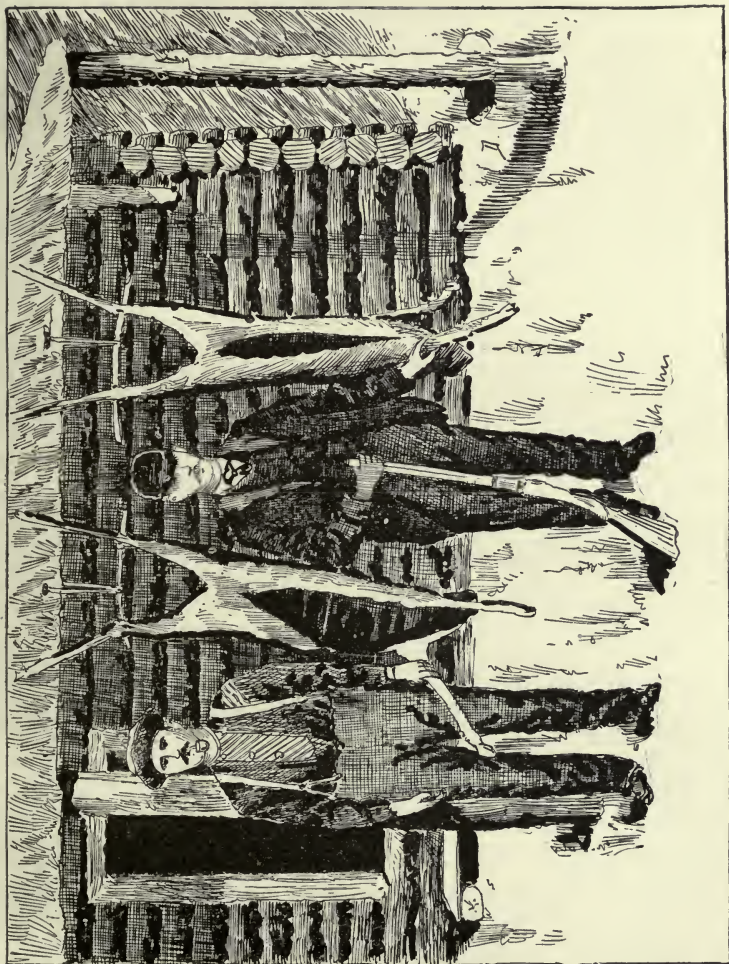
Salmon Lake is several miles in length. At the time we visited it, it had on the west shore a temporarily-deserted log-cabin. This cabin was securely locked, the owners having not yet returned for the summer outing ; but as a heavy rain began falling, we determined to pick the lock (which one of our guides found no difficulty in doing) and to spend the night there. All the comforts and conveniences of camp-life were found stored within the cabin, and except for the rats, who seem to have had a claim on the premises, we might have passed a comfortable night. Early in the morning, everything in the cabin having been arranged as we found it, and fastening on the door an explanation of, and an apology for the intrusion, we proceeded to visit the remaining lakes, stopping to fish when a favorable fishing-place offered. We finally selected a camping-place on the uppermost lake of the chain, and all hands gave assistance in erecting a comfortable lean-to, and in collecting the fragrant balsam boughs which were to serve us as temporary shelter and to afford us an easy couch. A storm was brewing, and lurid flashes of lightning were now and then to be seen on the southeastern horizon. Ominous sound of thunder rolled and reverberated

among the forest-clad hills. Our camp had been pitched on an elevated plateau, and so we further protected it by digging around it a trench which might protect us from the flood with which we were threatened. Our habitation made ready, one of the party went down to the lake, where, discovering a fine deer on the shore near by, and not wishing to lose time in notifying the guide, though encumbered with paddle, boat, and rifle, he made an effort to get near enough to deliver a shot. He had approached cautiously, within easy range, and was finally exchanging paddle for rifle, when the deer, at this critical moment, bounded off. He had been startled by the unwonted sound of an axe, made by the guide who was preparing wood for the camp-fire. The same thing happened again, to the chagrin of our sportsman, both deer having been startled at the time when the animal had been approached with the greatest care, the rifle brought to bear, and deadly aim secured.

The heavy shower with which we had been threatened had passed by. When the sun beamed from the western horizon the birds began their evening carol, and the forest, as if upon a given signal, began pouring out wood sounds in a

chant of praise for the happy deliverance from storm.

Retracing our steps next morning, we again appeared on Beaver River at the point we had left it, and passed on to Muncie's. Here our friends, who had halted there because of the storm, were disporting themselves in their nether garments, trying to dry before a huge fire their water-soaked outer clothing. At this point our belated friend joined us, making our party complete, and adding much to the prevailing good fellowship. After spending the night and breakfasting at Muncie's, we finally arrived on the shore of the beautiful and romantic Lake Albany, first passing through its outlet, which was lined with grassy banks. Maryland Camp is situated on the east shore of the lake, and is a log building of good size. It was built in 1875, by a party of Marylanders who had just graduated from Yale College, and who spent seven months here, beautifying its surroundings, adding many articles of comfort,—among others, ingeniously contrived arm-chairs made from willow and birch saplings. The logs of the cabin are admirably fitted together, making a snug habitation ; the roof being covered with shingles hewn by hand. The interior



At Maryland Camp.

has all the belongings necessary to the perfect enjoyment of wood life. The walls are decorated with original verses composed by later occupants in eulogy of the Marylanders, singing praise of their generosity in erecting such comfortable quarters. Much to our indignation, an acquaintance camping on an adjoining lake, who knew of our contemplated arrival, had killed for us a deer on our own shores ; also had taken from our spring-hole more than a hundred trout for our use. These he offered our guide who had preceded us, but the guide, like a man of spirit, declined the gifts with resentment, saying that our party could furnish themselves with game and fish. Moral : never waste your generosity upon hunters.

At supper we were surprised to see the invalid first at the table and last to leave it. He manifested an appetite which could only be reduced by a large reduction of our supplies. He promised to make amends for his gluttony by going out jack-shooting that very night, which promise he fulfilled, making quite an addition to our larder. But it was tough, tough, tough. Looking down the lake from our camp, there was presented a fine expanse of water, and on the left, as far as the eye could reach, numerous points of land jutted out. To the right

lay a vast bay, separated from the main body of water by a sharp headland heavily wooded. Still farther to the right, was pointed out a large stream flowing into the lake, which must be followed to reach Smith's Lake. On the second morning of our arrival we concluded to explore this feeder or inlet, to visit Smith Lake again, and view the scene of our first camping experience. Landing at our old camping-ground, we agreed to make the ascent of Bald Mountain. The view from this peak well repays one for the labor of ascent. Toward the south and northward the entire surface of Smith and Albany Lakes may be seen. Harrington Pond, Clear and Bog Lakes are well outlined. These silvery bodies of water, set in an immense expanse of green pine and hemlock forest, woods yet untouched by the lumberman, make a beautiful picture.

Returning to Maryland Camp in the evening, one of the sportsmen resolved to try the spring-hole near our camp. He was rewarded in a few moments by the capture of many fine trout, averaging three quarters of a pound. The spring-hole consisted of a small cold brook emptying into the lake, its point of emergence from the woods being concealed by a dense mass of alders, which except

by most careful abservation defied its detection. The presence of some bright green grass, or of the spring plant, will sometimes reveal to the eye of a practised guide or fisherman the presence of these cold brooks. There are numerous so-called spring-holes at Albany Lake, and in fact in all of the Adirondack lakes. Some of them are known to the guides, but many are not. In long-continued periods of hot, dry weather the trout will mass themselves at these holes, so that one approaching carefully, under favorable conditions may see them in great shoals, with mouths pointed toward the stream, drinking in its supply of cold water. The first thunder-storm or long downpour of rain will disperse them; then they scatter themselves throughout the lake.

On a certain Sunday afternoon of our stay at Maryland Camp, while all were lounging about the fire, looking wistfully at a small mound of hot sand, in which lay buried an iron-bound pot containing pork and beans, a delicacy destined for our supper, somebody discovered a large buck at the spring-hole. A hunter immediately started in pursuit, but the deer getting off, it was suggested to the guide that a row should be made around the lake.

No less than six deer were observed. On Monday, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, H. and his guide Loomis started forth, and while still within sight of camp, a deer was seen feeding on lily-pads. The boat, being in the hands of a "Long Lake" paddler, turned suddenly at right angles. Advancing cautiously towards the game, a shot was made at one hundred yards. The animal disappeared in the woods, and we proceeded down the lake. On turning the next point a large deer was outlined. Again a shot was delivered at one hundred yards. This deer also escaped. The next morning we easily found both deer, but we lost a young companion who accompanied us in our search. Rifle shots fired from the margin of the lake, owing to the echo, only served to mislead him, and it became necessary to go into the woods, where at length by repeated discharges of the rifle, our location became known to him. He did finally appear, but in a somewhat dilapidated condition. He always afterwards claimed that *he* was not lost, but that *we* were; that his location was well known, while our whereabouts was a mystery.

On our return we found the camp deserted, the other members of the party having gone to Smith





Pliny Robbins.

Lake. We tried our hand at photography until dinner, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the boats were seen returning. They brought with them a long string of trout, captured at Single Shanty stream.

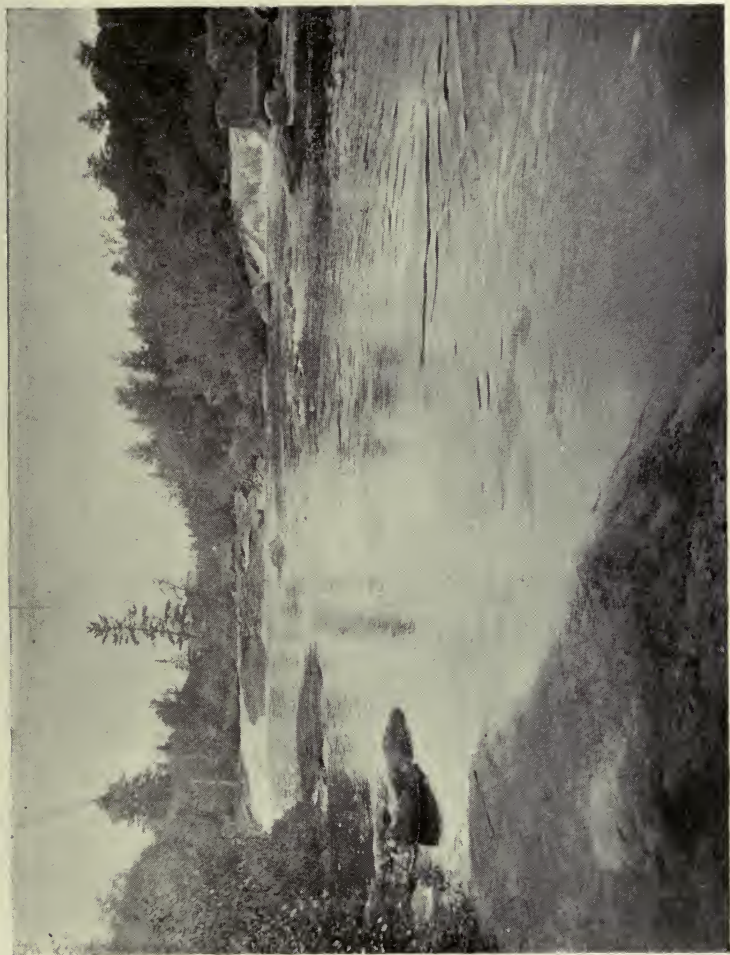
And so passed the days at Maryland Camp, and only too soon came the time for our journey homeward. The return was not wholly uneventful. Passing through the long, tortuous Tupper's Inlet, we discovered a large buck close to the bank, looking at us in wonderment. We did not disturb him, nor blame him for his amazement. Our little fleet of boats contained a strange-looking crew, capable of exciting the surprise even of animals. The deer, after apparently satisfying his curiosity, bounded off, and as he went, the peculiar whistle indicating anger or fear could be heard.

Upon reaching Pliny Robbins' a pretty sight greeted us. As we ascended the porch of the hotel, two successful sportsmen had just returned from Bear Pond, bringing with them the antlers and saddle of a fine buck and a quantity of brook trout, some of them two pounds in weight. One of our party who, because of urgent business, had preceded us one or two days, was heard of at

Robbins'. This redoubtable and robust lawyer had given every one at the "ranch" a good time during his brief stay there, managing in a few minutes to become acquainted with the guests, who still regretted the loss of his genial companionship. Suspicious-looking, red-labelled bottles found at the wayside, made it easy for us to follow his trail.

Leaving Pliny's we passed through Round Pond, noted for its profusion of water-lilies. Our boats were transported by horse over the carry to the delightful Bog River, whose woody shores always give promise of the most exquisite pleasure to those who by chance or preference seek her. The trees on her banks, monsters of nature, stationed with military precision, as if to guard the queen of all streams ; the cool depths of her waters ; the many surprises with which the eye is greeted at every turn in her graceful course, and finally her precipitous leap into Big Tupper Lake,—all these afford never-ending delight to the tourist.

The Raquette is a dreary waste. The branches of trees killed by overflow extend toward the once beautiful stream their long arms, in silent protest at the wrong done to nature through them.



Bog River, near Little Tupper Lake, Adirondacks.

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Drowned Lands, Raquette River, Adirondacks.

At Covell's, where we remained over night, we saw the proprietor shoot, at a remarkably long distance, a loon that had unwarily alighted in the lake. We all felt for the poor bird whose kinsmen we had frequently met in remote parts of the woods. We had always respected their rights, and never attempted to kill them. The cry of the loon is peculiarly distinctive of remote portions of the Adirondack wilderness. True, it is annoying, whilst in pursuit of a deer, to suffer the loss of game because of the untimely alarm given by this terrifying cry ; but nature has arranged that one creature shall thus afford protection to another, and he can only be a successful hunter who has perfect knowledge of these wood matters.

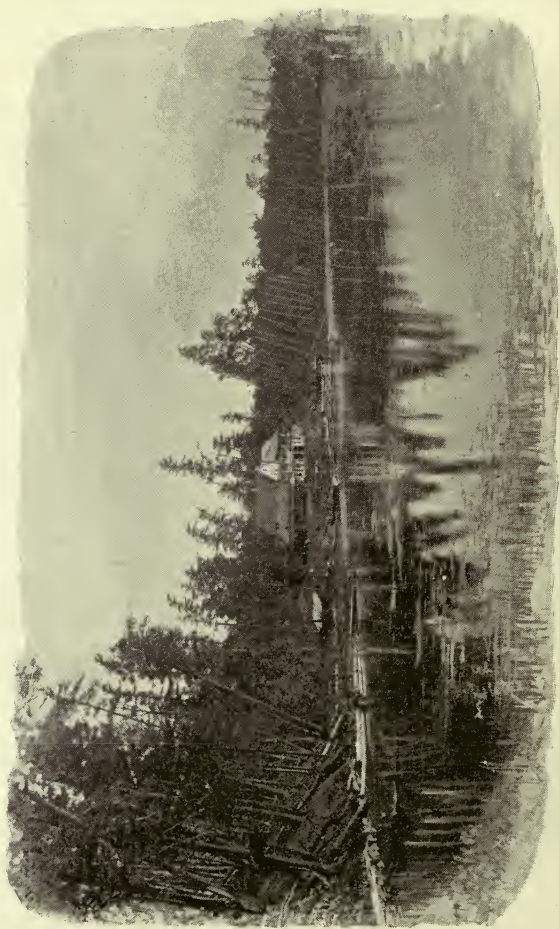
Remaining overnight at Covell's, we passed on, early the next morning, across the lower part of Upper Saranac Lake, over a short carry to Bartlett's, where our first mail was received. Here some of our party found trunks awaiting them, containing fresh habiliments.

Leaving Bartlett's we journeyed through Round Lake to the Lower Saranac and to Saranac village. Thence we passed by stage to Lake Placid, remaining there for a time, visiting the grave of

John Brown, and climbing Whiteface. The effort in Adirondack climbing, especially to those unaccustomed to the exercise, is considerable; but the summit once attained, one is well rewarded for the effort. From an altitude of nearly five thousand feet the landscape covers on all sides a vast territory, but the observer is inclined to regard objects below with a microscopic eye, and delights in seeking out details. The large and picturesque Lake Placid, through which we had passed and which commanded our admiration, from the elevation of Whiteface appeared as a small pond, devoid of every characteristic of beauty. The view toward Bloomingdale at the north, and toward North Elba and Keene at the south, was a delightful prospect,—fertile valleys hemmed in by rugged mountains.

We also visited Au Sable Chasm, and afterward sped homeward by the Delaware and Hudson railway, skirting the shore of Lake Champlain, taking a boat at Ticonderoga, and finally landing at Albany, when the West Shore came to our relief.

We reached our homes greatly recuperated from the outing.



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Pliny Robbins', Little Tupper Lake, Adirondacks,

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

1887



ACCOMPANIED by a sister and her friend, we left the New York Central Station early one evening, for a trip to the centre of the Adirondack region. The two ladies, determined to enjoy

the pleasures of lake and forest after a manly fashion, were provided with pack-baskets and fly-rods.

Arriving in the morning at Plattsburg, we continued our way by the Chateaugay railroad, arriving at its terminus at Loon Lake in time for one of Paul Smith's stages. Driving through a magnificent forest, where we were overtaken by a shower, we reached the resort known as Paul Smith's. We had become conscious of the proximity of civilization some time before arriving at

the hotel. Several cleared and well-cultivated fields had intimated it, and a beautifully-constructed log church spoke the fact loudly. The hotel, a large and fashionable caravansary on the St. Regis, and delightfully located amidst pine, spruce, and tamarack, has afforded to many an invalid a place for rest, and in some cases entire recuperation.

We spent Sunday at Paul Smith's, amusing ourselves by watching the church-goers arriving from more remote lakes in all kinds of craft. Guides were engaged to take us next morning to Covell's, on Upper Saranac Lake, where our own special guides were expected to meet us. Starting early, and passing through the region known as the Nine Carries, we arrived at Saranac Inn for dinner. A long row brought us to Covell's. Remaining over night at this little log-cabin, we were gratified to find not only a hospitable welcome and an excellent supper, but also people of refinement. The large loon which the writer had seen shot the summer before, occupied a conspicuous place in the parlor. Next morning we crossed the Tree-Mile Carry to Raquette River, there meeting our second guide. Our two boats then started up the river to Big Tupper Lake. The river is a winding one,



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Sweeney Carry, Raquette River, Abirondacks.

with a dam built long ago for lumbering purposes. The water had overflowed, killing the trees for some distance back from its original banks. They now stood mute and ghastly, witnessing to the avarice of man.

We somehow endured the long row up Big Tupper to Carey's where a delicious dinner of large brook trout compensated us for our weariness. Here, as well as in the river, we deprecated the act of lumbermen in damming the lake, felling the marginal trees, and then allowing the water to subside; which results in the destruction of many beautiful pines, and renders the surroundings dreary in the extreme.

Passing Bog River Falls, we entered Bog River, one of the most picturesque streams of the Adirondacks. Heavy growths of timber line the banks, and along its sinuous course surprises of enchanting scenery follow one another in such rapid succession that one may readily believe himself in fairyland. Presently, owing to the rocky character of the river, navigation even by a small boat is impracticable; then comes the tedious Two-Mile Carry to Round Pond. The trail traverses a pine forest, the trees being of immense height and girth.

Evidently the trail of the lumberman has not yet touched this region. Through Round Pond, up a *neck* of water filled with lily-pads, we enter Little Tupper. Then one mile's rowing lands us at Pliny Robbins'. This "hotel" consists of a log-cabin of primitive build, to which has been added a large, loosely-constructed dwelling in the modern style. The building stands at the head of a small bay, on an elevated, sandy bank, and is surrounded by tall hemlocks, which incline gracefully toward the lake. Just above the hotel a long point of land juts out into the lake, giving protection from the winds which at times prevail. The proprietor, Mr. Robbins, is what is known as a "character." His tall frame clothed in slender but compact muscles, his sun-browned face, his honesty, his activity, endurance, and untiring energy, all unite to write him down a typical forester. He had kindly consented to guide the ladies of our party, but when we arrived he was away. During his absence the cows had wandered off, and for two days two employees at the hotel had been following their trail, returning at night, then early in the morning picking up the trail again, in hope of overtaking them. Pliny returned late on the second night after our arrival.



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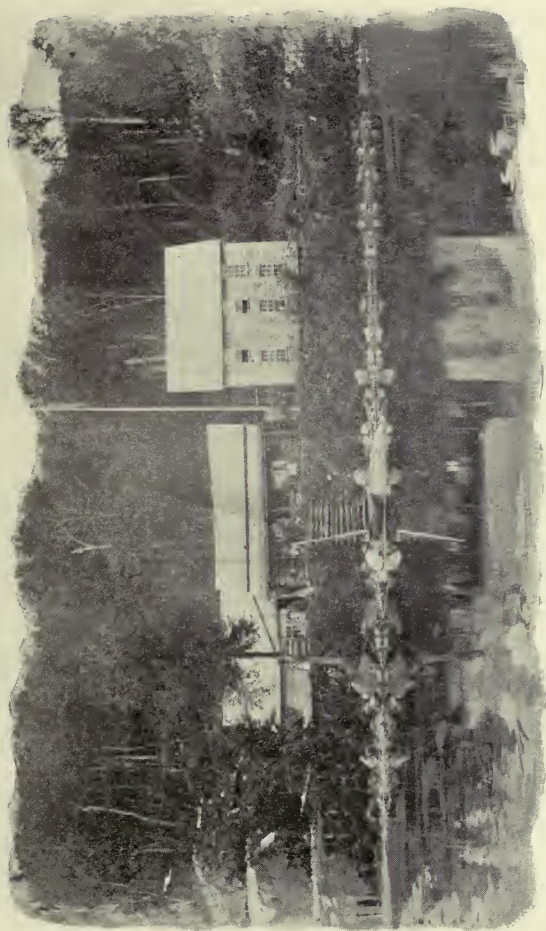
Cut-off at Big-Ox Bow, Raquette River, Adirondacks,

Obtaining from the boys all the information possible, and guessing the destination of the straying animals, he started, tired though he was, in pursuit. When we awoke next morning the cows were comfortably housed in the barn and Pliny was in his room, sound asleep. His perfect knowledge of the woods and his good judgment had enabled him, not without great effort, to accomplish his purpose. Thoroughly rested, Pliny announced to the young ladies his willingness to fulfil his agreement with them. They repaired to the outlet for the purpose of fishing; and with Pliny's skilled advice they were enabled to obtain fair success, though they received more bites upon their persons (from the flies) than upon their hooks.

Leaving the ladies in the care of Robbins, we, accompanied by our guide, started early in the morning for Smith Lake, to enjoy the fishing on our way, and to revisit the scenes of former camp experiences there. We cast our fly at various spring-holes in Little Tupper Inlet, and met with moderate success. Finally we arrived at a point in the stream where navigation was no longer practicable. The guide was obliged to shoulder his boat, and the sportsman to assume the burden

of his pack-basket, for a three-quarter mile tramp to Charley Pond. This small sheet of water quickly passed over, we entered the Two Mile Carry, and at length emerging from the dense forest, stood on the sandy beach of Smith Lake. It was an enchanting scene, this large body of water spread out before us, clothed by the morning sun "in celestial sheen," a vast area of green foliage surrounding it. In the distance Bald Mountain reared its lofty head, forming a fitting background, and making this picture of God's handiwork complete.

A few miles' row brought us to La Mont's. After dinner we started for Albany Lake, passing over one of the prettiest carries of the region. The guide never having visited this lake, it required some study to locate our old rendezvous, Maryland Camp. But we found it at length, and it extended its old-time welcome, by giving us shelter from a sudden heavy shower. The sun coming forth again, we rowed about, hoping to obtain a shot, but returned to La Mont's empty-handed. Even the spring-hole near the camp refused to yield any part of its treasures to our seductive flies. In passing the carry again, the guide called attention to an owl singing in the top of a pine. We ridiculed



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La Mont's, Smith Lake, Abitondacks.

the idea of an owl rendering such melodious sounds. But it was proved to our satisfaction that when these birds are in the mood, they can indeed do better things than screech and hoot.

Next morning we left La Mont's, fished for trout near the ranch, and after breakfast returned to Robbins', having consumed the whole day loitering on our way, hunting and fishing.

Rounding the sharp point of land above Robbins', the bright light of the camp-fire shone out a welcome to us, laden with trout and glory. The trout were deposited in the kitchen, while we betook ourselves with our glory to bed, to seek much needed rest. In the morning we discovered newcomers, one a judge from New Orleans, acquainted with our family. This party was the next day joined by friends from Auburn, which appeared to complete their happiness.

On the morrow deep trolling was the sport. One of our ladies captured a speckled trout weighing over two pounds. A guest had not such good luck. After playing for an hour an imaginary trout of immense size, until he exhausted the patience of his guide, he finally discovered that his hook had been fastened in a submerged and water-

soaked log. Target practice, with commendable accuracy of aim on the part of the ladies, varied by an occasional rubber of "old sledge" with the judge, filled in the day until night, when it was proposed that we should try for a deer. Starting down the lake and entering the sinuous Bog Stream, our attention was called by the guide to the presence of a deer standing at a sharp bend of the shore. Much peering on the part of the sportsmen, at length discovered two globes of light and fire. A quick shot was delivered and all was still. The creature must surely have been struck in the forehead; he could not have escaped without being heard! But the most careful search failed to reveal him, dead or alive. Next morning, the guide and Pliny Robbins, long before the guests were up, made a yet more careful examination with dogs; but all Mr. Robbins would say about it was that he "did not think the deer was injured." The shot probably passed over his head, causing him to crouch, but it was a marvel now he succeeded in stealing off without a sound reaching our ears, when we were in close proximity, and so quiet that the movement of a leaf could scarcely have escaped our attention.

A heavy rainfall made the next day dreary. The judge's face was long because of repeated defeats in the game of seven up. While we sat at dinner, a messenger appeared from La Mont's, twenty-five miles distant, asking for a professional visit. As it still rained hard, a conditional answer was given, but at three o'clock the storm abated, so we started with the judge and the guide. Before we reached our destination we were thoroughly drenched. After performing the needed operation, we retired in order to awake early in the morning for a visit to Shingle Shanty. Providing ourselves with a lunch consisting of jerked venison and crackers, we made an early start, but owing to the dense fog we were obliged to use a compass to enable us to arrive at the short carry leading from the lake to the stream. Although the Shingle Shanty's banks were overflowing from the long-continued rain, we returned with a large supply of trout, which the judge took back with him that afternoon. Awaiting our guide, from Pliny Robbins, we remained at La Mont's until the next morning, fishing before breakfast near the camp.

Our party at the hotel had separated, the judge and his friends going into camp at Bear Pond, and

expecting us to join them there later, to spend the last afternoon and night with them. Crossing the lake and passing up a small stream, we made a short carry to Clear Pond. From the summit of a ridge the glimmer of Bear Pond could be seen. This pond has always been noted for its large trout, while its remoteness from civilization has made it famous for bear and deer. The camp was situated on an elevated point at the lower end, and earlier in the summer was the scene of a distressing accident. A gentleman with his guide were the sole occupants of the camp, and while they were engaged in securing bait, the rifle which lay in the bottom of the boat was accidentally discharged, the bullet passing through the gentleman's thigh and shattering the bone. With great fortitude and presence of mind he quickly staunched the blood, repaired to camp, and waited until daylight before despatching the guide for help. The guide made an exceedingly rapid trip to Pliny Robbins', where some men were secured at a fabulous price *per diem*, to "cut out" the carry, and make the wounded man's transportation easy; then hurrying on he engaged others at various places, for specific work; doctors and nurses were telegraphed for,

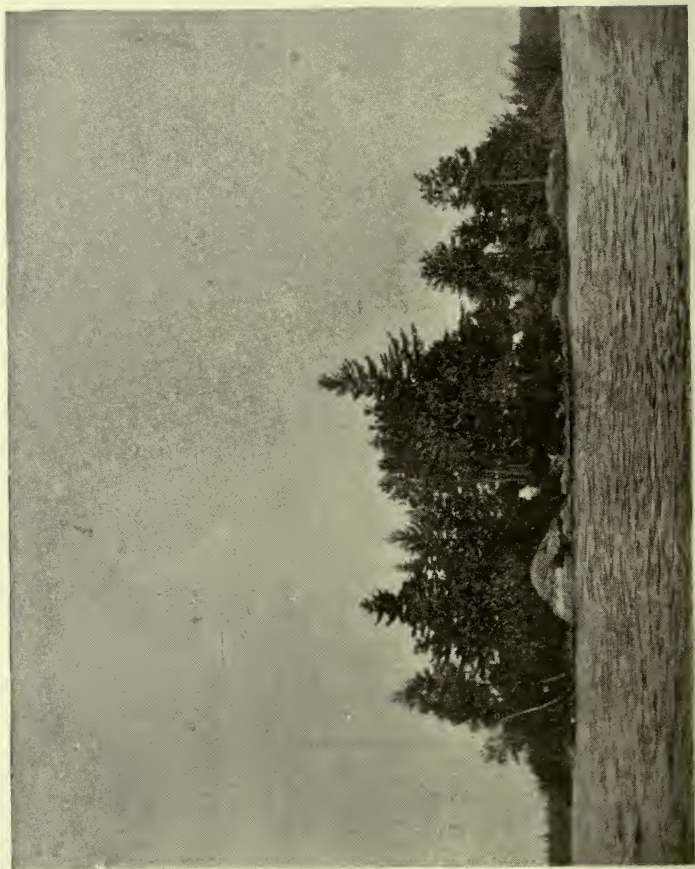
and the injured man arrived at Bennett's in an incredibly short time.

We regained the camp at Bear Pond just before noon. Preparations were being made for dinner. Our guides were both good cooks and gave valuable aid in the boiling and frying of enormous trout that our friends had caught, and soon an out-of-door repast was offered to exceedingly hungry diners. In the afternoon we tried the trout with both fly and trolling line, but without marked success. We inconsiderately accused the judge and his friend of taking all the fish from the pond, but finally were brought to acknowledge that we were more powerful in eating than in capturing them.

The next morning we had arranged for a drive with dogs for deer, some to be stationed at Clear Pond and others at Bear Pond. Leaving the ladies at camp, our guide placed us at a favorable point, where we killed time by casting a fly, not without success. Soon a rustling noise came from the woods, and almost immediately a deer was seen in the water, swimming directly towards us. It was a fawn, and we decided to drive it to camp. The skill of the guide enabled him, by the deft

management of his boat, to land it, where its escape was witnessed by all.

And now came the time for our pilgrimage homeward. Several from Pliny's were going our way, and the fleet of boats was quite imposing, especially as the lake was so rough that it seemed the boats could not live in such troubled waters. The long and difficult Dead Man's Carry was easily passed over by our party. Arriving at Fletcher's we took leave of our guides, and embarking on the steamer at Raquette Lake, we were soon at the Blue Mountain House, refreshed and rejuvenated by our month's outing in the Adirondacks.



Iron Island, Front Lake.

IN CANADA.



IT had been decided upon that four congenial friends, far distant from one another, should join their

forces and visit the northern regions of Canada, for a brief relaxation from business, and for the enjoyment of the woods hitherto quite unfrequented by sportsmen ; and nowhere else is more superb fishing and hunting to be found.

Where should we fix our camp ? We chose a point not far removed from a little village called North Bay, which is located on the north shore of Lake Nipissing, Ontario. The short time for preparation was consumed in the pleasant task of getting ready rifles, shot-guns, pack-baskets, and rods ; and ample provision of necessaries of camp-life was not forgotten. Then to the woods away ! We found ourselves at Buffalo, the appointed rally-

ing-place, the next morning, refreshed by comfortable sleep in a luxurious berth of a Pullman car. After an early breakfast and a fragrant Havana at the "Iroquois," one of our party who had preceded us announced himself, and we were soon in full possession of all the plans and details of our projected trip. Meeting another of our party and wondering at the non-arrival of the fourth, we proceeded to secure little odds and ends of camp utensils, fishing - tackle, and articles of luxury or comfort.

Noonday found us at the railway station, where an excellent luncheon was obtained, and after leaving minute directions as to our route for our missing friend, we left Buffalo for Toronto. A hearty six o'clock dinner at the "Queen's"; and after hearing part of a play at one of the Toronto theatres we boarded a train at the station of the North Branch of the Grand Trunk Railway. Soon were we dreaming of the capture of enormous fish, of desperate conflicts with bears; while moose and deer roamed through our fanciful brains in droves. As we neared our objective point the railway passed through a dense wilderness, skirting vast lakes and crossing marshy tracts, the only signs

of life being an occasional saw-mill with its little settlement. The immense quantities of freshly-piled lumber at these points told a terrible tale of destruction of the forests around.

Alighting from the Pullman car at early morn, we found ourselves at North Bay, the end of our railway journey. Here we were cordially received by a modest little man who was waiting for us at the station. He said, speaking rapidly, and with a slight French accent: "I am Charlie; I will do your cooking; you will have good guides; they wait for you with boats at the head of the lake; they have a wagon-load of provisions and all you want." So, what with the perfect day, and all our plans having so far proved complete, it seemed as if nature and man were working together for our success.

North Bay, a thrifty town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, is situated on the east shore of the North Bay of Lake Nipissing, about two hundred and twenty-seven miles above Toronto. This remote place derives some importance from the fact that it is the terminus of the northern branch of the Grand Trunk Railway with its extensive repair shops. Four miles to the south the Canadian

Pacific intersects the Grand Trunk at Nipissing Junction. Furthermore, the village is the centre of immense lumbering interests, and a lately established rendezvous for sportsmen.

Breakfast, to which all did ample justice, was served at the Empire Hotel, a most excellent hostelry. A few final purchases, and we were ready to start for Trout Lake, following the heavily-loaded provision wagon, in a two-seated buckboard whose springs were strong, and never to be forgotten. Three weary miles were we bounced and racked, through a district once beautiful perhaps, but now mutilated by fire. The sole suggestion of interest was an old Hudson Bay fort built on a hill and commanding a view of Lake Nipissing. But the head of the lake was at length reached, and every man of us gladly stretched his muscles in assisting at the loading of the boats.

Trout Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, nine miles long, varying in width from one to two miles. Its bays are numerous,—one of them four miles in length ; and islands, large and small, dot its surface. It is surrounded by a dense forest. On this side a sandy beach forms the shore, while yonder massive rocks rise abruptly from the water's edge.



At Dinner, Iron Island.

There is a continuous water way leading from the lake to the Ottawa River, which before the construction of the Canada Pacific, was the Eastern highway for this region. After a row of six miles we reached Iron Island. Here among the rocks we pitched our camp, choosing the part where a growth of Canada spruce, pines, and tamarack afforded good shade, as well as protection from the wind. Soon sprang up a small village of tents luxuriously carpeted with balsam. Then, mindful of those pests, the wood-flies, we turned our attention to the building of a large camp-fire. Meanwhile, Charlie with the aid of an old stove left by former campers, was preparing us a substantial dinner. This repast, eaten *al fresco*, amid the wholesome odors of pine and balsam, and after our exhilarating journey, would doubtless have been keenly enjoyed had it been less toothsome than it was. Thus fortified did we go forth to try the disposition of the bass. But our luck was not commensurate with our expectations; an afternoon of labor yielded only four bass of good size,—which, however, well furnished forth our supper-table.

This lake and the adjoining one (Turtle), fairly teem with bass of nearly uniform size, averaging

four and three-quarter pounds. They are caught with bass flies and an ordinary fly-rod, two fishing from one boat. The guide rows near the shore, in about six to eight feet of water, the sportsman having out fifty feet of line and allowing the flies to move just beneath the surface. When a bass is hooked the companion fisherman reels in his line to escape entanglement, and whenever the fish can be brought within reach, prepares to use the landing-net. The "strike" of a large bass conveys the momentary impression that you have hooked a log. Simultaneous with the strike the fish jumps out of the water. If you lose him then, you go home and say that you lost a catch of ten pounds at least. Otherwise you proceed to capture him. The struggle for mastery is a desperate one. The guide, with a few strokes of the oar rows out into deep water, the fish seeking its depths again, by his endeavors to escape causing the pole to bend nearly double, and the wheel to whirl. A taut line is kept, the sportsman reeling it up as the "fellow" becomes more tractable, and at no time permitting it to slacken. The fish now begins to sulk. While gently urged toward the boat, he makes one or two final summersaults, and

is finally captured with the landing-net. Trout Lake abounds also with pickerel, lake trout and muskallonge. The pickerel and muskallonge are caught by trolling, and the lake trout by deep trolling with a heavy sinker.

July 8.—The excitement of the day preceding had a peculiar effect on two members of the party that night. One persisted in dreaming of a gigantic bear, and shouted wildly for his gun. The other assailed the condensed air of our diminutive sleeping-camp with a sort of a devil's solo, performed by the aid of his olfactory appendage. The most pathetic appeals and the most cogent reasoning were equally unavailing. Nevertheless everybody awakened next morning in a happy humor. The disturbers of the peace promised reformation, and agreed by way of penance, to go and procure the bass for breakfast, that the sleepless third of the party might obtain repose.

The bright fire started by our industrious guides, blazing and snapping before our camp, was a protection from the mosquitoes and sand-flies, and lured sleep by its warmth. After breakfast our much-abused companion, in a spirit of contrition, agreed to row the man with the rifle around Camp

Island and up to the head of Four Mile Bay, for the double purpose of fishing and to ask a local guide to come and assist us in hunting. The gentleman with the unmelodious midnight cornet trailed along accompanied by his guide. Although the wind was still high, we hoped to take some fish by the way, and in Four Mile Bay we did have moderate success. Arriving at the head of the bay we found the house of the guide, Rancier, but it could not be reached without a boat, excepting by a wide detour through a jungle. So we sent the guide who, not finding any one at home, left a piece of birch bark, containing an invitation to come to our camp, fastened on the door of the cabin. While waiting, our friend in the other boat had the satisfaction of seeing a fine deer—escape!

July 10.—Two of the party rose early and went to a small bay to secure the usual breakfast of bass. All the conditions for successful fishing were favorable. The wind had fallen, and the water surrounding our island was like a huge sheet of glass. The rocks opposite, which had been lashed furiously by the waves the day before, were now undisturbed. Trout Lake was for the first time since our arrival calm. The choicest flies were laid in the

most favorable places, at the borders of lily-pads. Presently the loud, sharp cry of a frightened duck disturbed the hitherto quiet spot. It was evident that she desired to attract attention to herself, even at the risk of her own safety, in order to preserve her young. But we were after bass, not ducks, and the heroic mother drew our admiration but no shot from our rifles.

We determined to spend the day fishing in Turtle Lake and to hunt that night. An aged Indian guide accompanied us with his birch-bark canoe. The lake was alive with good-sized bass, of which we speedily captured enough for our needs, then moved on to an adjoining lake, or more properly bay, where we hoped to have a sight of some deer, and to intercept them as they came out of the forest depths to drink. One party went in the Indian canoe to the extreme end of the bay, but as the flies there seemed disposed to avail themselves of their present opportunities and not wait for deer-flesh, it was deemed advisable to paddle about. So the occupants of the canoe paddled about the better part of the afternoon and evening. For reward they caught a glimpse of one solitary stag, and had the pleasure of firing one ineffectual shot

at him. We were partially consoled for our bad luck by finding that our tardy friend, the fourth of the party, had arrived, having travelled nearly eight hundred miles to join us.

July 11.—The morning passed in taking photographs about camp and in visiting the Four Mile Portage. This carry is of interest for its romantic beauty, being shaded with immense trees. It is fifty feet long, and affords easy communication between Four Mile Bay (which lies parallel with the main body of water) and Trout Lake. One of our companions offered to row us back to the island. He was a genial, good-natured fellow, but proverbially indisposed to any exertion whatever, except when our excellent cook announced dinner. This sudden manifestation of ambition was regarded as the most wonderful event of the trip. But a solution of the mystery soon came. Our friend had noticed that a strong wind was blowing directly from the portage to our island nearly opposite. All that was required of him was to keep headed for the objective point. The wind propelled the boat!

That afternoon vain attempts were made to find Hard Pan Lake, where report said good shooting was to be had. After following many blind paths

leading from several ways we discovered the remains of an old beaver dam. These interesting animals had located themselves on a small stream flowing into Trout Lake. Only remnants of the dam remained, but enough to show the marvellous instinct these creatures possess. The ground once covered by the overflowing water must have consisted of several acres. Now, luxuriantly grown with grass, it resembles an uncultivated meadow. Surrounding these signs of former life were stumps from which small saplings had been felled by means of the beavers' sharp teeth, and quantities of poplar and willow sticks lay in the meadow, having been sunk in the pond for future use as food. Many of these sticks had stones of considerable size resting on them to keep them submerged.

Rancier came over in the evening and helped us improvise a jack for hunting at night. Our new guide was a youngish man, rather tall, sun-browned, arrayed in his best garments and wearing a cowboy hat. A taciturn fellow and deliberate in his movements, but what he did was well done. We found him possessed of remarkable strength and perseverance.

The start was finally made. Leaving Iron Island at five o'clock, we touched the mainland at dark, fastened our lantern in the bow of the boat, and proceeded to the mouth of Four Mile Bay. A bow-man sat under the light armed with a rifle. The middle of the boat was occupied by our wakeful friend, who was provided with a double-barrelled shot-gun loaded with a heavy charge of powder and buckshot. The guide in the stern used one of his oars for a paddle. We moved about in silence, hugging the shore closely, but heard no sound of deer. Suddenly Rancier turned the boat. We quickly left the mouth of Four Mile Bay, and passing the sharp point of land separating the bay from the lake, touched land at an island near by and waited. The guide while paddling about the mouth of the Bay had heard a deer in the woods, and correctly judged that it would come down to the water on the lake side; hence the abrupt change of position. His silent habit was the explanation for not communicating his acts to us. We were in the dark in a double sense. Very soon *splash, splash*, was heard at the point anticipated by Rancier. Our boat drifted off, and directed by the sounds at the water's edge, we were soon

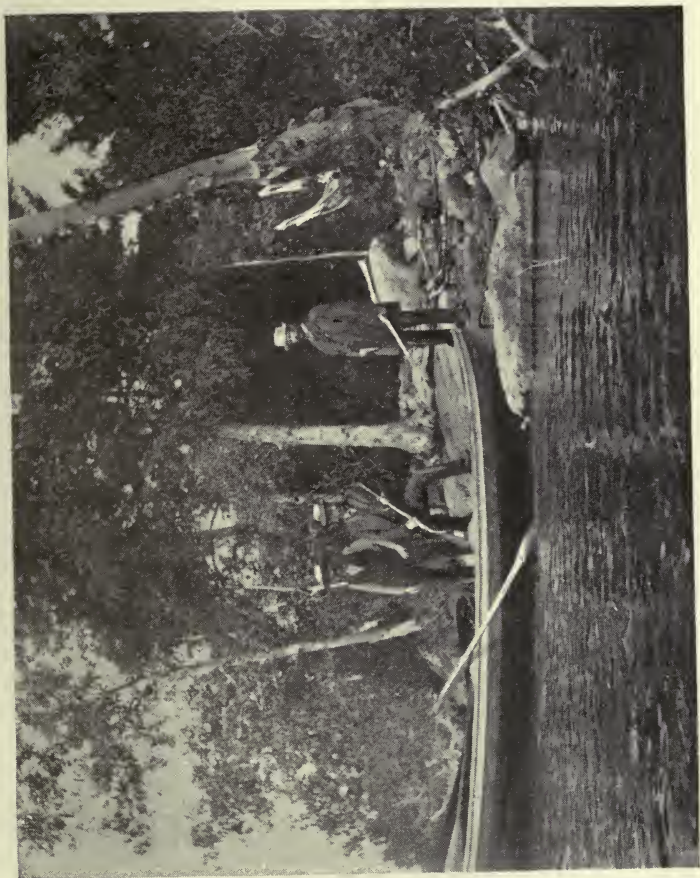
enabled to make out the outlines of a deer. The crack of the rifle was almost immediately followed by the deafening report of the shot-gun, the "middleman" having shot directly at the imaginary horns of the deer. His admirable aim extinguished the light from our lantern. We were now left in absolute darkness, but the deer could be heard making his way slowly into the woods. We remained quiet for a time, then relighted our lantern, and prepared to go in search of our game. Landing required some effort, owing to the tangle of underbrush. Though we could hear the movements of the animal, our search proved fruitless. We finally concluded to return in the morning to claim our prize.

The night was of the darkest kind ; now and then a little rain fell. But our guide, from his perfect knowledge of the region, rowed us directly to camp, where we found the remainder of our party wrapped in the most profound slumber. The gentleman with the musical olfactories was apparently rehearsing in the choir of his church, while the new-comer joined in the anthem with a fine soprano. The hunters were armed to the teeth, however, and by certain methods of intimidation, silence thereafter reigned supreme.

Early in the morning we repaired to the scene of our adventure of the night before. We found our deer, but alas! it had no horns—to the surprise of the man with the shot-gun, who vowed he had aimed straight at them. Venison was served at breakfast, and the gentleman afflicted with inertia had an uncommonly good appetite.

Deer are very plentiful in the upper part of Canada. At this season of the year they come down to the lake-side late in the afternoon, during the night, and in the early morning, to drink, to feed on lily-pads and tender grass, and to escape from the flies. To obtain an afternoon shot requires great skill on the part of the guide. In hunting, a light boat, preferably a canoe, is used, the hunter sitting in the bow, and the guide in the stern with a paddle. Deer are exceedingly alert, the slightest motion or sound will send them off, therefore the guide must learn to propel the boat noiselessly. But with the wind blowing from the land, an object in the water without motion or sound will not, in most instances, alarm the deer. After a momentary look he will continue feeding.

Jack-shooting is a less sportsman-like manner of bagging the game, but for the novice it is very



A Successful Hunting Party.

exciting. A lamp is fixed in the bow of the boat, and a piece of birch bark is fastened behind it as a reflector. The sportsman sits under the light, which serves to illumine the sights of his rifle, and to throw an indefinite light ahead. The night should be dark and no wind stirring. The sounds in the water at the edge of the lake indicate to the practised ear of the guide the exact whereabouts of the game, and it is astonishing how closely a boat may approach a feeding deer without giving alarm. It is astonishing, too, with what skill an experienced guide will swiftly propel a boat through the water without splash or sound. The attention of the deer is directed to the light, and he will probably make a start to go into the woods. But his curiosity is excited ; he will stop and look intently at the strange object, until the hunter can approach near enough to discern his outlines. Then the report of the rifle will cause him to beat a hasty retreat. The uncertain light gives the deer a good chance to escape unhurt, and even if he is badly wounded, he will manage to get a considerable distance into the woods. There is something weird in hunting at night. The extreme blackness, the boat moving through the water like a spectre,

the shadowy outlines of banks as they now and then loom out of the darkness, the startling splash of a frightened musk-rat, the hooting of owls in the woods near by, the plaintive cry of a disturbed loon,—all these make an impression not soon forgotten.

Finally the movements of a deer are heard by the experienced ear of the guide, first, perhaps, on land, then in the water as he moves from one lily-pad to another. Instantly the course of the boat is felt to change, and soon a dim, moving outline is seen. It now depends on the hunter's coolness and accuracy of aim whether the camp-larder will be replenished, or whether the deer will escape unhurt to the depths of the forest.

July 12.—It was decided to break camp on this day and we folded our tents regretfully. Charlie's stuffed muskallonge, baked in an iron pot with a tight lid, and buried for a time in hot sand (the refuse from the camp-fire), will ever be remembered. The cook's skill and abundant resources overcame all difficulties resulting from outdoor cooking. The abandoned and much dilapidated stove was made to accomplish the work of a French range, and in consequence our venison was roasted to a



Sleeping Quarters, Iron Island.

turn, fish deliciously broiled or fried, and the biscuits and flapjack's turned out were like those from a Vienna bakery.

Ten o'clock had been appointed as the hour for embarking. The aged Indian came to bid us farewell, taking his customary seat on the same old rock, and watching with interest the scene of activity about him. One hunter picked up a rifle to demolish an empty bottle which had been placed fifty yards distant; but, becoming mindful of the day, he refrained from disturbing the quiet of a beautiful Sunday morning. (Bottles being greatly in demand for target practice, during our stay one of the party took upon himself the function of emptying them. It was asserted that there never was scarcity of targets, but this may have been due to poor marksmanship.) The last boat at length loaded, our little flotilla proceeded up the lake, the aborigine on his knees, in his graceful canoe, bringing up the rear. It was remarked that although we had all gained in avoirdupois, the boats were not nearly so much weighted as when we started. Our inactive friend, who always complained at meal-time of his impaired appetite, was voted guilty of annihilating more provender than

all the rest of us combined. The unanimity of this decision was complete, and it is an open secret that our retirement from the island, and the abrupt conclusion of our vacation at Trout Lake was due to lack of provisions.

At the head of the lake we were met by a carriage and driven to the hotel, where we made ourselves presentable, and soon appeared at the *table d'hôte*, to which our hungry friend did ample justice. Boarding the train at early evening, we journeyed together until Gravenhurst was reached, where two of the party, having decided to visit the Muskoko Lake region, left the train, and left the rest to speed homeward. We were sorry to separate, for all admired the genial traits of our "sleepless" companion. He had once before visited the region from which we were just returning, had enjoyed the moose and deer-hunting, and the superb fishing to be found there, and it was his pleasure, on this occasion, to afford all possible gratification to others, practising the utmost self-denial, wishing to contribute only to the comfort and success of the party. He took it as a personal grievance that during the first two days of our outing at Trout Lake, the conditions for successful bass-

fishing were so unfavorable, and we grumbled because promises of "Ed" were not fulfilled. He chafed somewhat over our good-natured sallies, but he only said, "Wait." When at last the bass, unable longer to resist our flies, were caught, two five-pounders on one line, his pleasant face became wreathed in smiles, and it was evident that his satisfaction was at last complete. It is a matter worthy of record that in fishing he always insisted on taking the poor side of the boat, the most unlucky position, and it has been already mentioned how considerately he blew out the lamp with his shot-gun, thus further embarrassing the already badly-wounded deer. At Gravenhurst, where we arrived late at night, everything was in confusion, owing to the advent of a large number of Orangemen, who were to celebrate the following day. The steamboat wharf for the Muskoko Lake region is one mile by rail from Gravenhurst. The finely-appointed steamer ploughs its way through large lakes diversified by bays and inlets, and passes through locks from one lake to another. The tourist has a view of wooded shores and of many islands covered with dense growths of pine and spruce.

Frequent stops were made at attractive points occupied by fashionable hotels, or at an island on which had been erected a summer home. From many of these cottages were flying the stars and stripes. Disembarking near the hotel situated at the upper end of the lake, we found our own hostelry, a pretentious cottage located on a promontory, and nestled among large growths of pine. The owner was a Scotchman and a most hospitable landlord. At this particular lake the fall hunting is good and the fishing excellent. One party went out the first afternoon of our arrival, and returned in two hours with seventy pounds of pickerel, some of them of large size. When homeward bound at length, we left one of our already diminished number at Severn River, where he expected to meet a companion for another week's fishing. Proceeding on our way, we arrived at Buffalo in time to secure our mail and board a train for the East.

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